

PORTAL 2:

LAB

RAT







REALITY IS A STORY THE  
MIND TELLS ITSELF.

AN ARTIFICIAL STRUCTURE CONJURED INTO  
BEING BY THE CALCIUM ION EXCHANGE OF  
A MILLION SYNAPTIC FIRINGS.

A TRUTH SO STRANGE IT CAN  
ONLY BE LIED INTO EXISTENCE.

AND OUR MINDS CAN LIE.  
NEVER DOUBT IT...

HEAR THE TURRET  
FOR IT IS KNELL

19.2%  
36%  
SUMMONS TO HEAVEN  
OR TO HELL

TENACITY

BELL



WHAT'S THIS? REAL, OR  
JUST MY LYING MIND AGAIN?

CAN SHE TRULY BE AWAKE  
AFTER ALL THIS TIME?

NO, JUST A FIGMENT.  
IF SHE WERE REAL,  
THE TURRETS WOULD  
SEE HER, TOO.

TARGET ACQUIRED.

THUDDA  
THUDDA  
THUDDA

THUDDA  
THUDDA  
THUDDA

THE END IS  
FINALLY UPON  
US.

DON'T  
even  
FEELS LIKE A TRIAL

TRY







WE PUT CAMERAS IN  
THE CAMERAS.

HE'LL NEVER  
SUSPECT.

GENIUS!

THE CUBE ROOT OF  
TWO X IS IRRATIONAL  
IF X IS IRRATIONAL.

Ziaprazidone  
Antipsychotic medication  
prescription: Doug

IT'S BEEN SO LONG.  
I'VE BEEN SAVING THESE  
LAST TWO FOR THIS DAY.

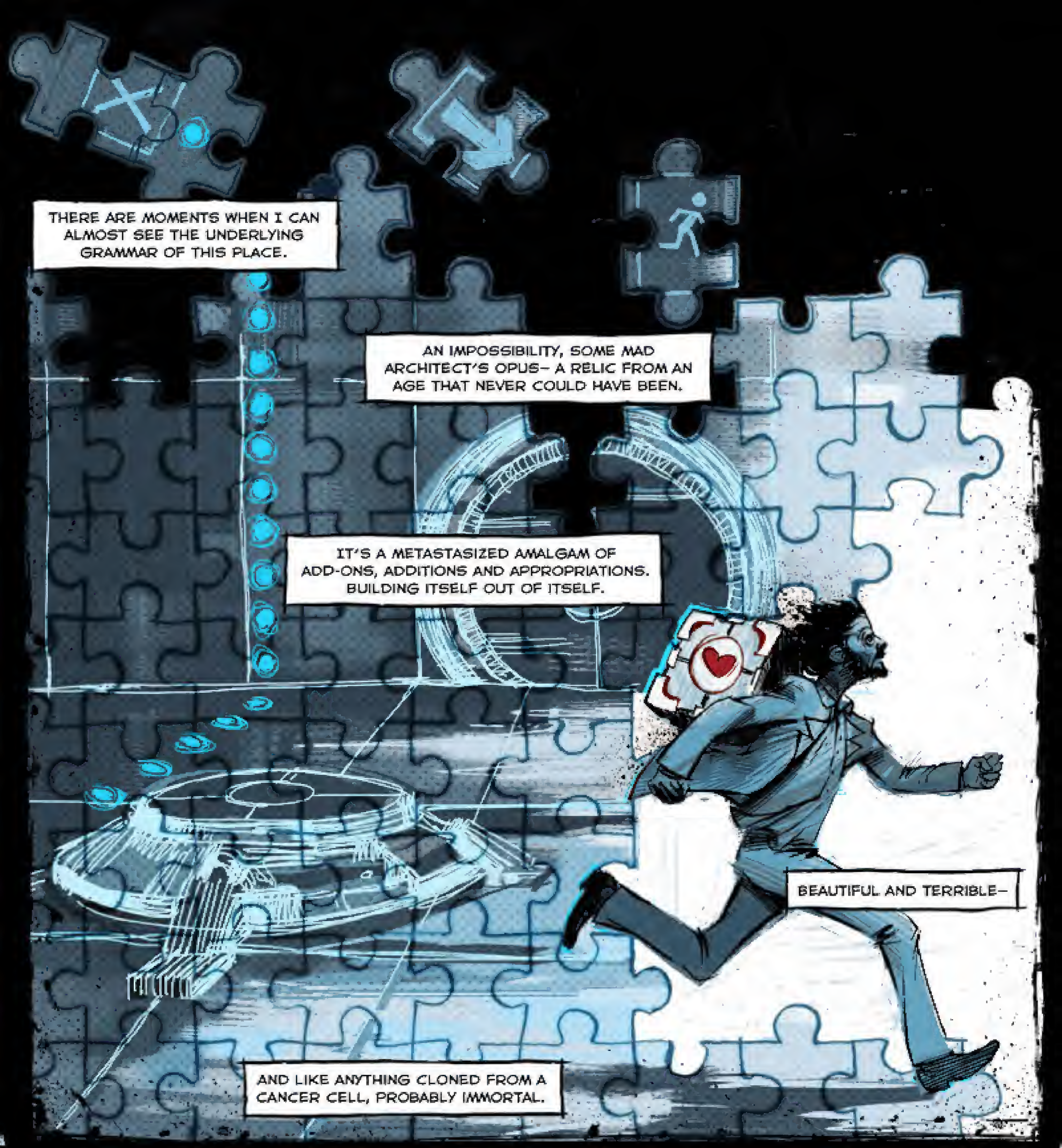
C'MON, YOU DON'T NEED  
THOSE ANYMORE.  
YOU'RE FINE.

THIS WILL BE  
THE END OF US.

I'M GOING TO NEED A  
CLEAR HEAD FOR  
WHAT IS TO COME.

gulp  
gulp





A man with a beard and long hair, wearing a blue jacket and dark pants, is running towards the right. He is carrying a white bag and a box with a red heart on it. The background is a dark, textured surface made of puzzle pieces. Some puzzle pieces are floating in the air, and there are blue glowing circles on the left side. In the background, there are some mechanical structures and a large puzzle piece with a white figure running on it.

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN I CAN  
ALMOST SEE THE UNDERLYING  
GRAMMAR OF THIS PLACE.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY, SOME MAD  
ARCHITECT'S OPUS— A RELIC FROM AN  
AGE THAT NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN.

IT'S A METASTASIZED AMALGAM OF  
ADD-ONS, ADDITIONS AND APPROPRIATIONS.  
BUILDING ITSELF OUT OF ITSELF.

BEAUTIFUL AND TERRIBLE—

AND LIKE ANYTHING CLONED FROM A  
CANCER CELL, PROBABLY IMMORTAL.

**REQUIRED**

SAFETY GOGGLES & STEEL-TOE BOOTS

APERTURE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR  
EYE OR TOE DAMAGE

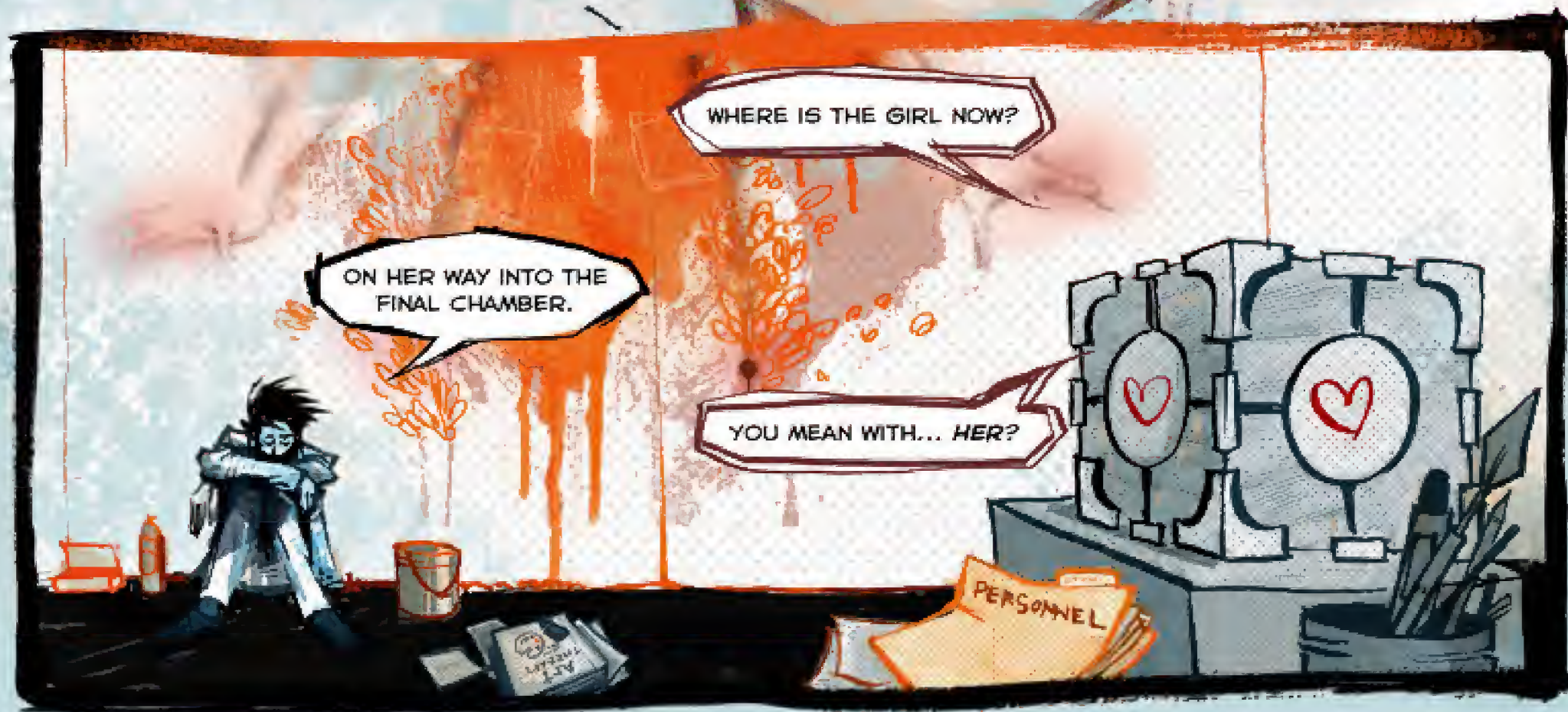
STAY TO THE RIGHT!  
TURRETS AHEAD ON  
YOUR LEFT.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.





ANOTHER MURAL  
TO MARK THE OCCASION.

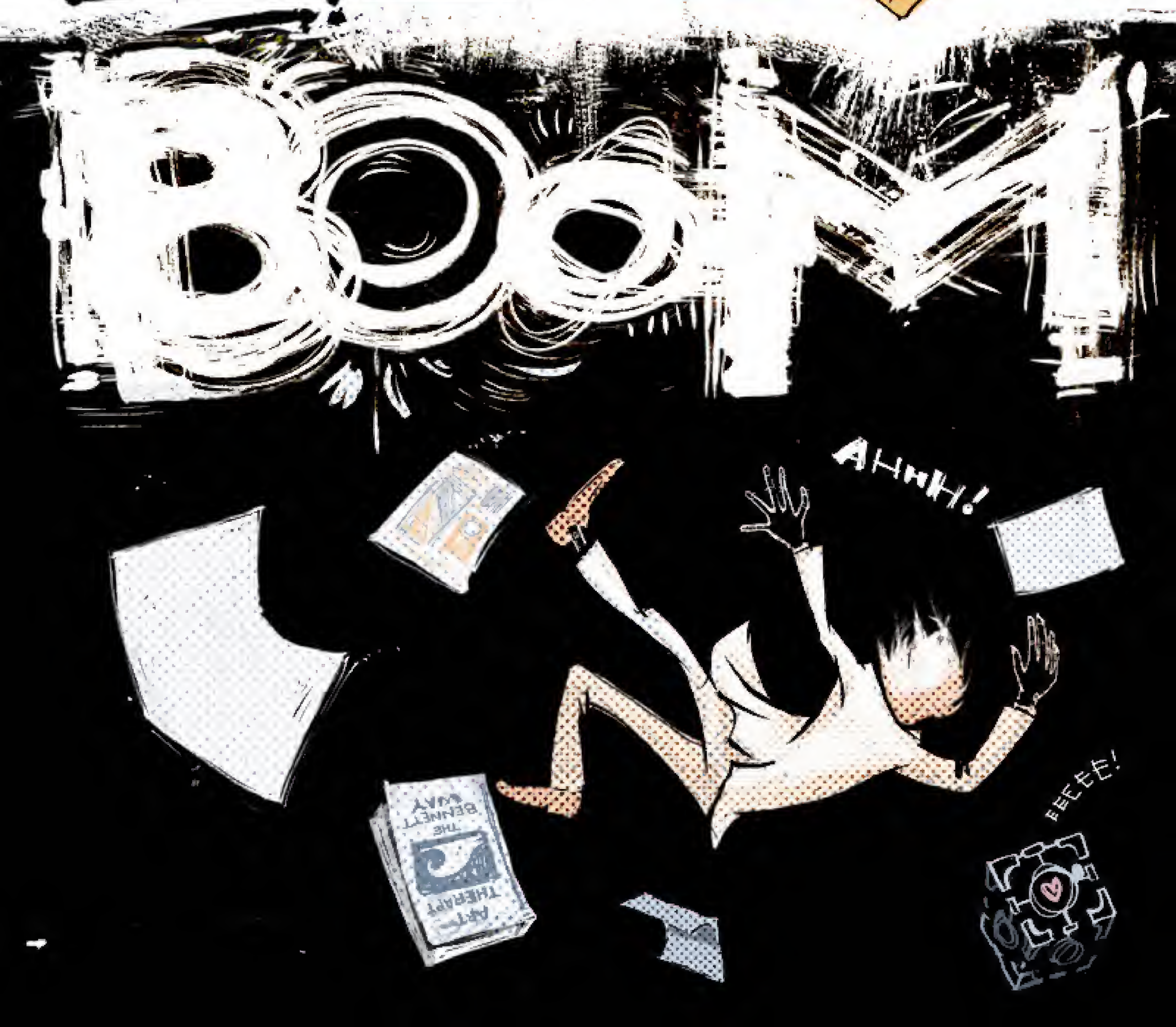


WHERE IS THE GIRL NOW?

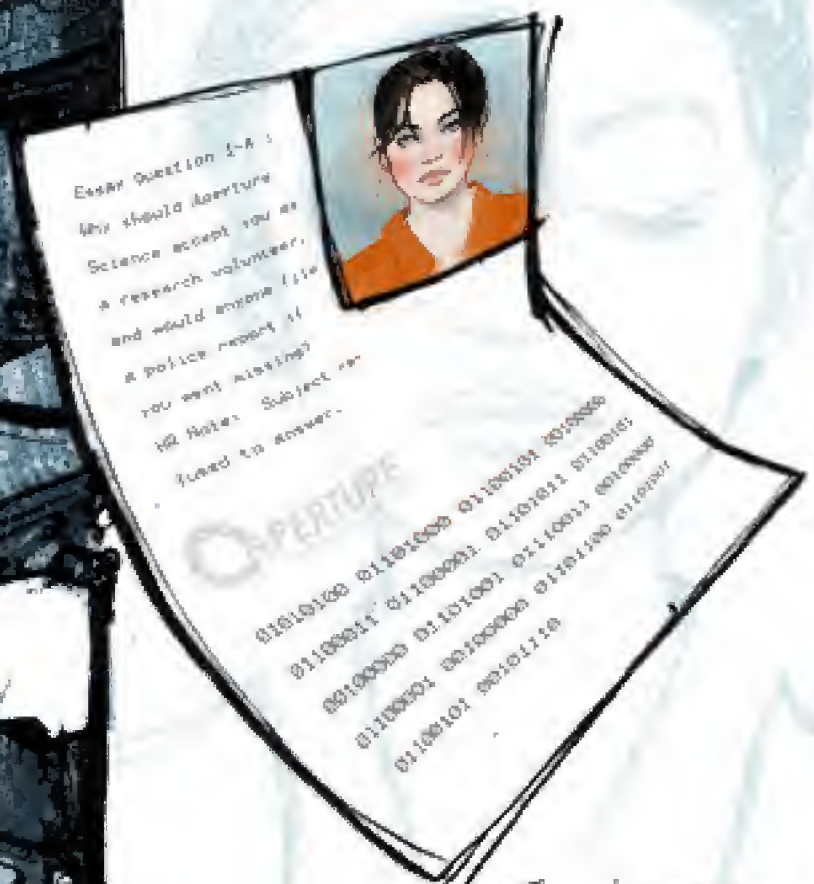
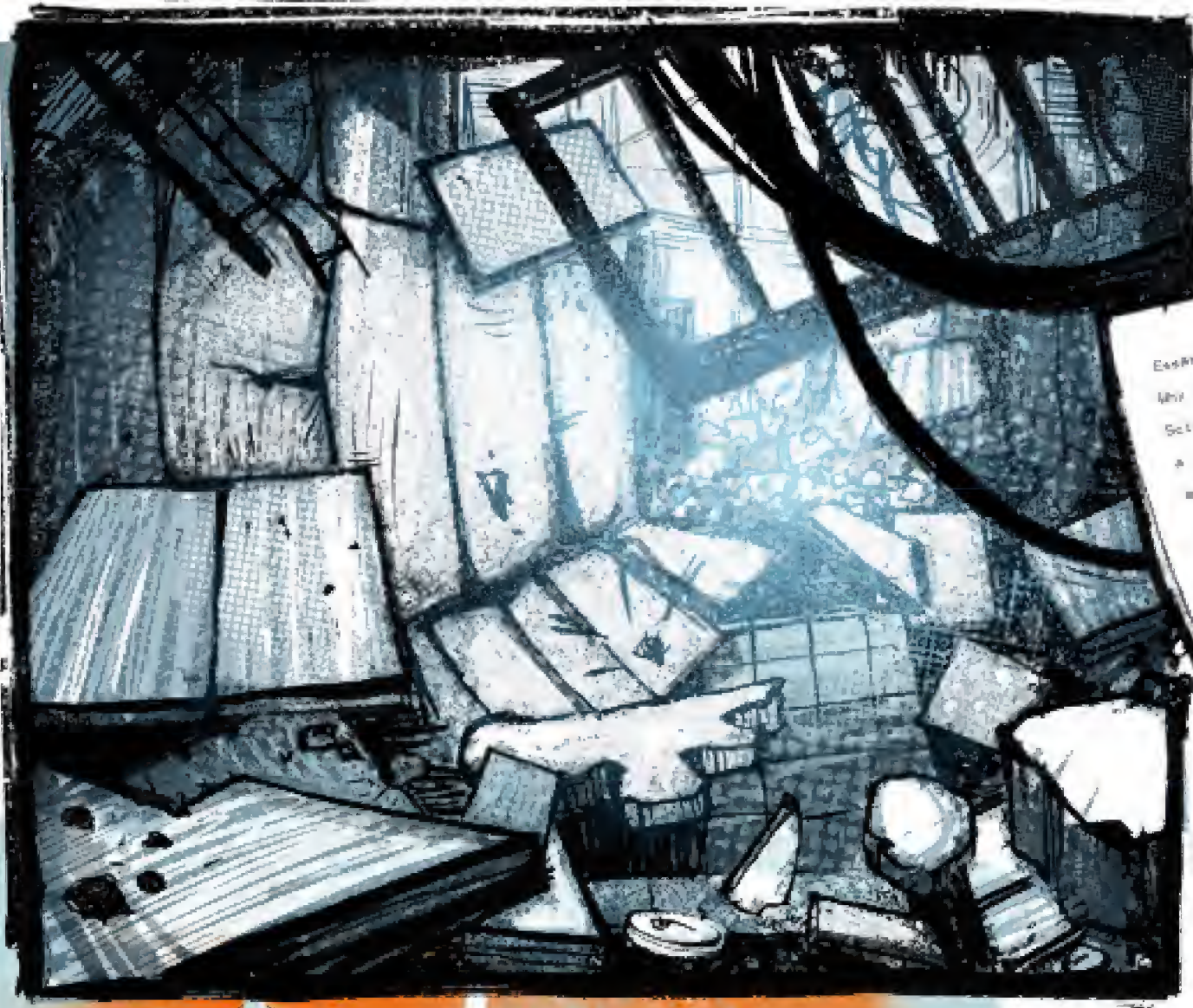
ON HER WAY INTO THE  
FINAL CHAMBER.

YOU MEAN WITH... HER?









WHAT WAS THAT?



THE ROOM SHOOK  
ITSELF TO PIECES.

LIKE AN UNBALANCED  
CENTRIFUGE.

I HEARD AN EXPLOSION.  
WHAT COULD IT MEAN?

ARE YOU OKAY?



ONLY ONE THING IT  
CAN MEAN.



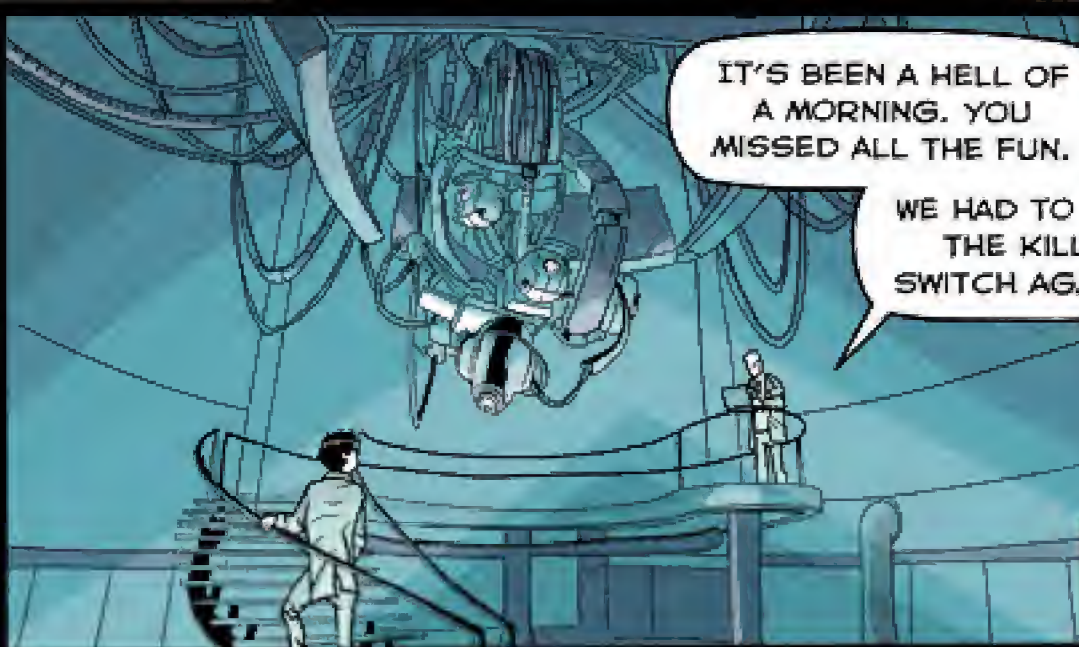
SHE DID IT.

IT'S OVER.

THE ULTIMATE  
SYSTEMS CRASH.

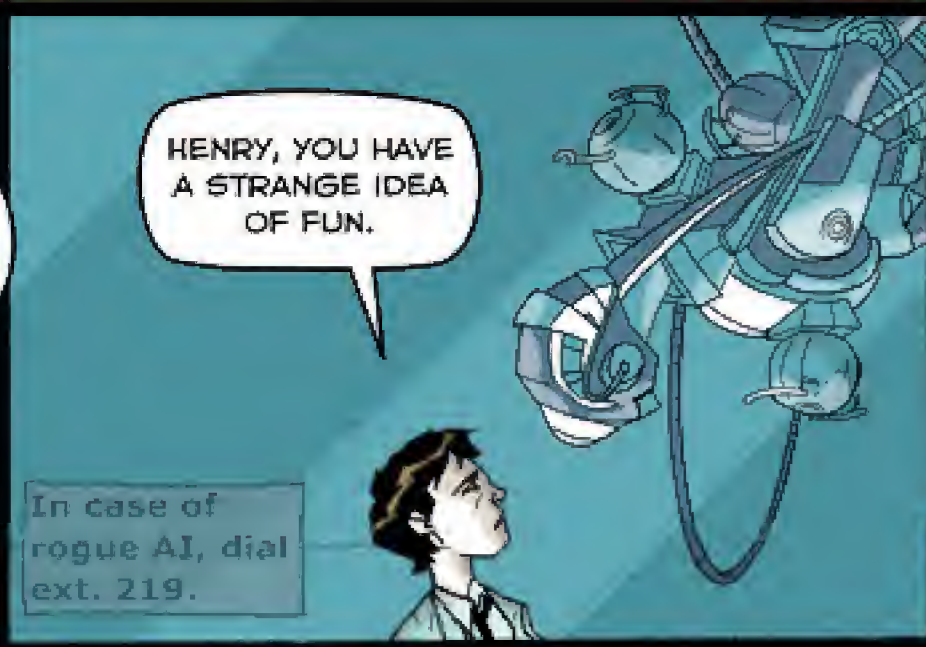






IT'S BEEN A HELL OF A MORNING. YOU MISSED ALL THE FUN.

WE HAD TO HIT THE KILL SWITCH AGAIN.



HENRY, YOU HAVE A STRANGE IDEA OF FUN.

In case of  
rogue AI, dial  
ext. 219.



HEY, WE'RE LUCKY TO BE WORKING ON THIS.

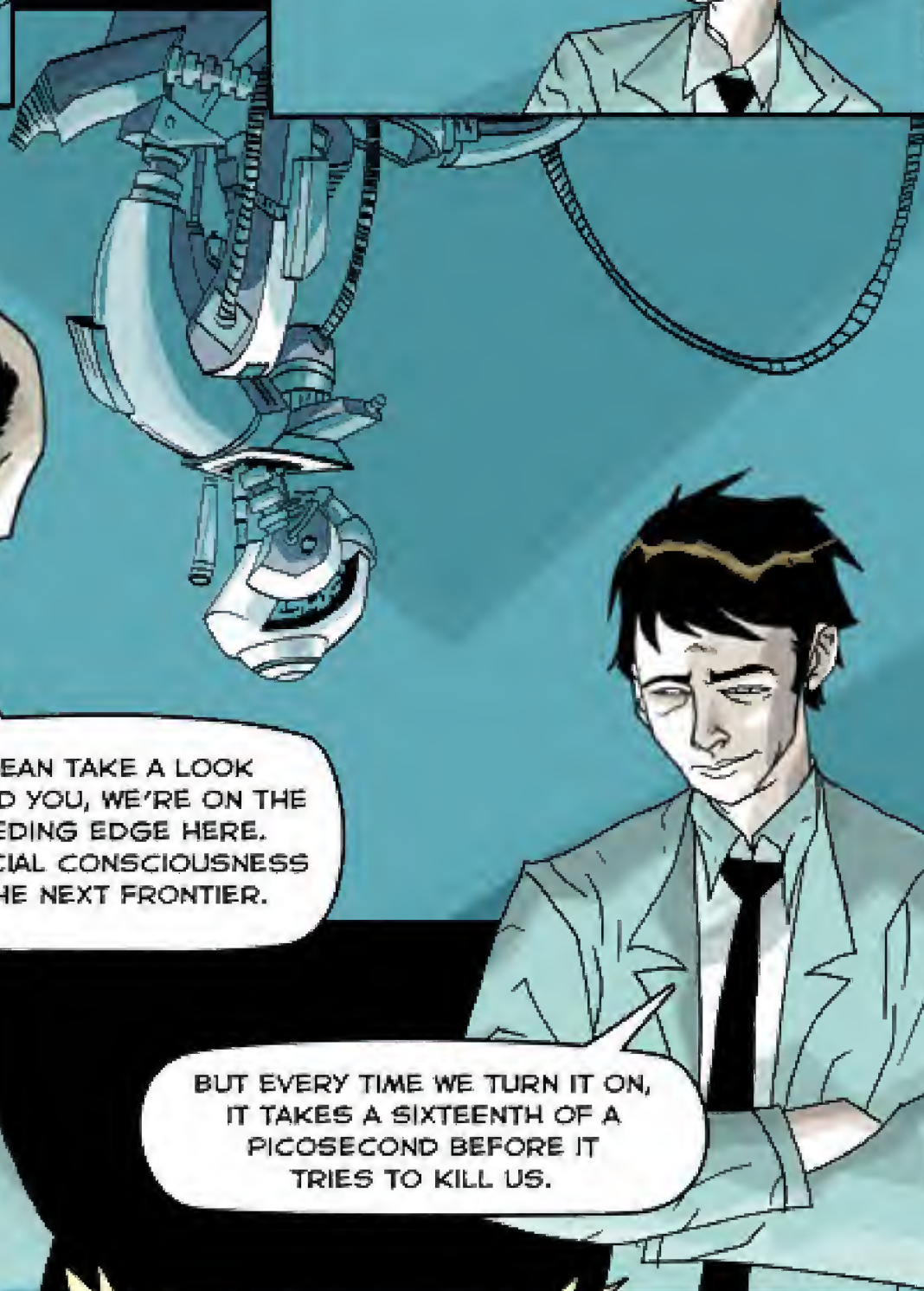


YOU'VE GOT A STRANGE IDEA OF LUCK, TOO.



THINK ABOUT IT. EVERY GENERATION GETS SOME NEW FRONTIER TO TACKLE. EINSTEIN GOT RELATIVITY. THE NASA COWBOYS GOT THE MOON. ALL THE EASY STUFF IS TAKEN.

I MEAN TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU, WE'RE ON THE BLEEDING EDGE HERE. ARTIFICIAL CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE NEXT FRONTIER.



BUT EVERY TIME WE TURN IT ON, IT TAKES A SIXTEENTH OF A PICOSECOND BEFORE IT TRIES TO KILL US.



LAST TIME WAS A TENTH OF A PICOSECOND. SEE, WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS.

I'M TELLING YOU, THIS IS OUR GENERATION'S MOON SHOT.




CAVE JOHNSON HERE: YOU LAB BOYS QUIT YOUR YAPPIN' AND GET BACK TO WORK.

THIS HAS BEEN A PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE.



I'D RATHER HAVE GONE TO THE MOON.





WHERE'S THE GIRL?  
SHE DIDN'T STAY TO  
CHECK OUT HER  
HANDIWORK?

SHE MUST HAVE GOTTEN  
OUT. PROBABLY ON THE  
SURFACE, SOAKING UP  
SOME SUN.

I'M SURE  
YOU'RE RIGHT.

WHAT IS THIS  
"SUN" OF WHICH  
YOU SPEAK?

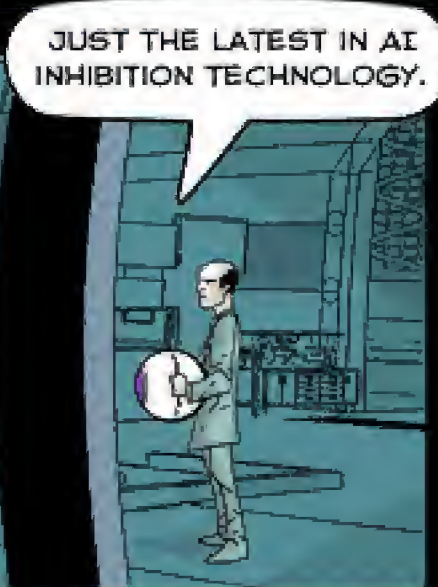
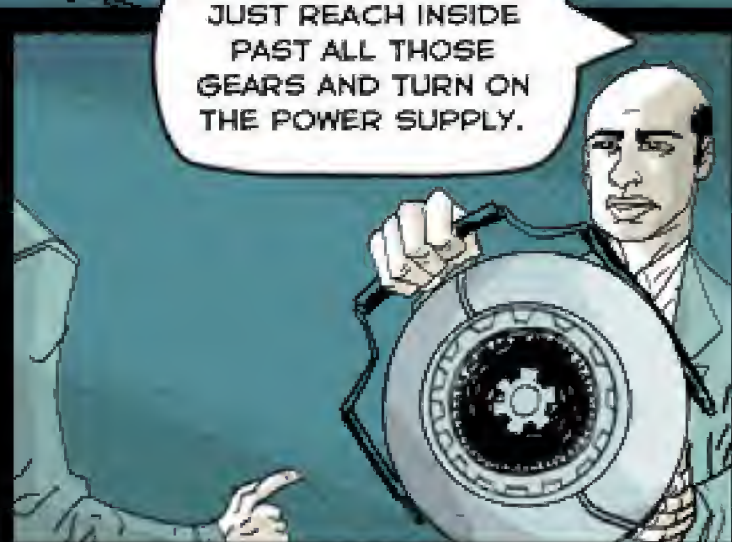
AND SHE HAS THE RIGHT  
IDEA. COME ON, WE'RE  
WASTING DAYLIGHT.

WATCH OUT FOR THE  
TURRETS. THE QUEEN  
MAY BE DEAD, BUT THIS  
HORNET'S NEST HAS  
BEEN KICKED.

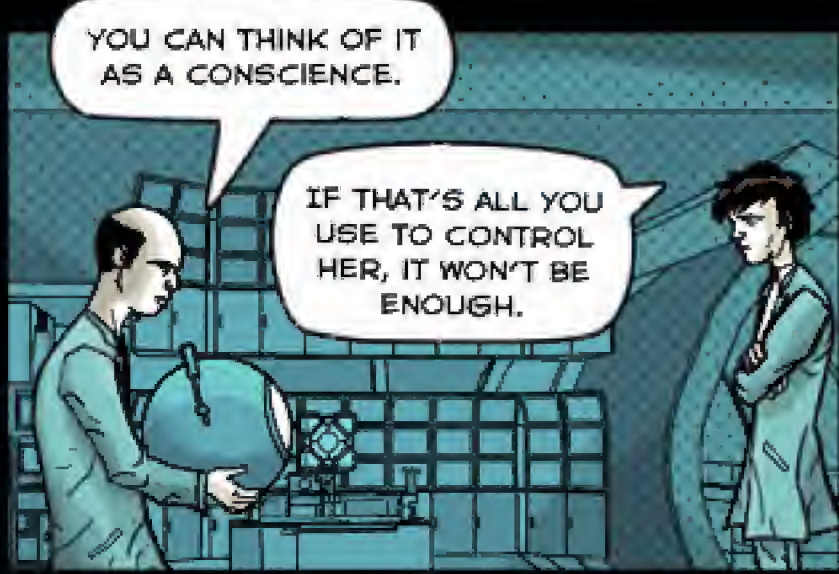












YOU CAN THINK OF IT AS A CONSCIENCE.

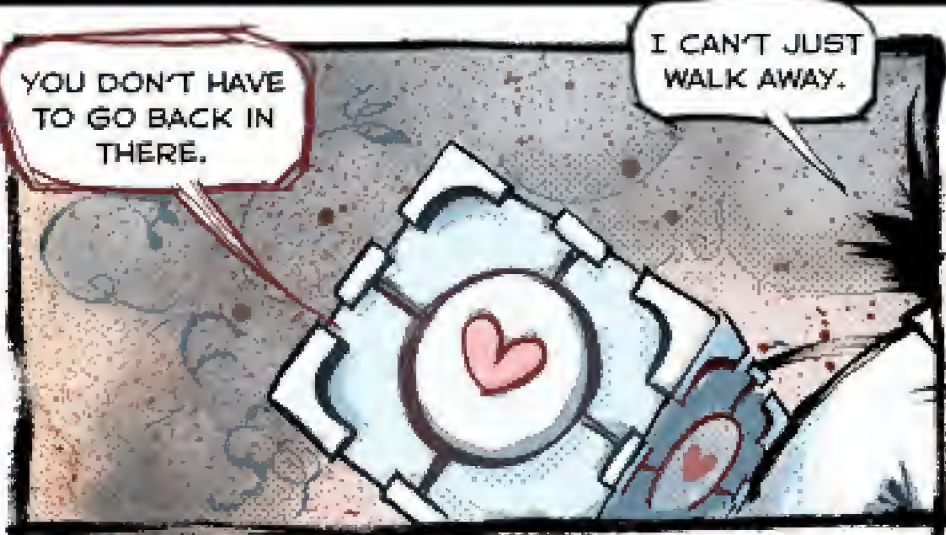
IF THAT'S ALL YOU USE TO CONTROL HER, IT WON'T BE ENOUGH.



WHY'S THAT?

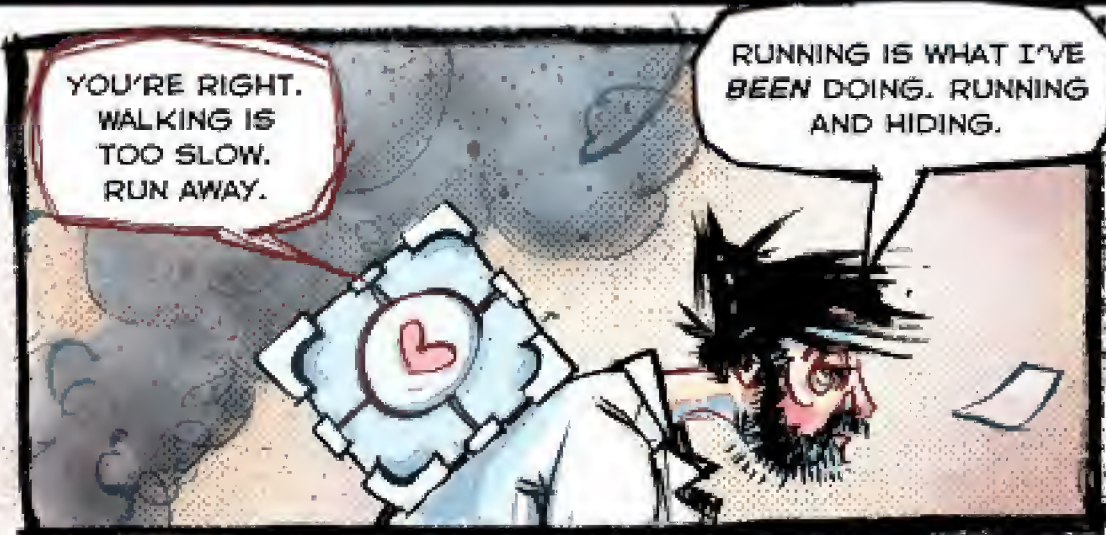


YOU CAN ALWAYS IGNORE YOUR CONSCIENCE.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO BACK IN THERE.

I CAN'T JUST WALK AWAY.



YOU'RE RIGHT. WALKING IS TOO SLOW. RUN AWAY.

RUNNING IS WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING. RUNNING AND HIDING.



IT'S WHY YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.

YOU'RE NOT A HERO. HEROES DIE.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, IT'S MY FAULT SHE'S DOWN THERE. I'M NOT LEAVING HER.

I WOULD HAVE BEEN TRAPPED FOREVER IF NOT FOR HER.

LISTEN, IT'S TOO DANGEROUS. YOU'RE GOING TO GET KILLED.

SO BE IT. BUT I'M DONE RUNNING. I HAVE TO AT LEAST TRY TO SAVE HER.



THEN YOU REALLY ARE CRAZY.

TO BE CONTINUED...



I'M NOT FEELING  
SO GOOD. THOSE  
PILLS YOU TOOK...

I THINK THE  
MEDICINE IS  
STARTING TO WORK.

SOON YOU WON'T  
NEED ME ANYMORE.

I'LL ALWAYS  
NEED YOU.

I DON'T THINK YOU WILL.

### LEGALITY

TEST SUBJECTS  
WHO FAIL TO  
WAKE FROM  
LONG-TERM  
CRYO-SUSPENSION  
ARE DETAINED  
TO HAVE  
DEAD

NO.

THE CRYO-  
SUSPENSION  
PROCESS IS  
BOTH  
SAFE & FUN!

THEY'VE ALREADY PUT  
HER IN LONG-TERM  
RELAXATION!





I NEED TO GET UP  
TO CRYO-CONTROL,  
BUT TURRETS  
BLOCK THE WAY.



HER  
CRYO-CHAMBER...

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG.



LIFE SUPPORT HAS BEEN  
COMPROMISED. THE EXPLOSION  
BLEW THE MAIN GRID. HER  
CHAMBER IS OFF-LINE.

ALL THE CRYO-CHAMBERS  
ARE OFF-LINE!





I'M ONLY GONNA GET ONE CHANCE.

I HAVE TO CROSS THE ROOM...

GET PAST THE TURRETS,

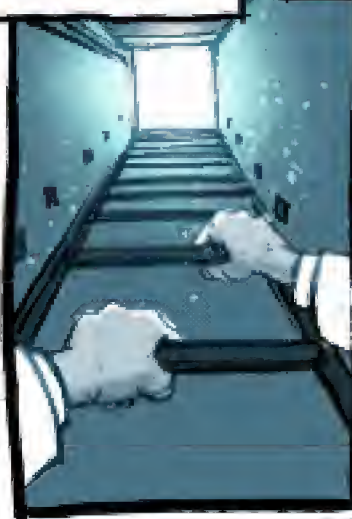
JUMP THE RAIL

...THEN DIVE LEFT OR RIGHT TO AVOID BEING SHOT.

OKAY, DO I DIVE LEFT OR RIGHT?

HELLO?

YOU STILL BACK THERE?



LEFT OR RIGHT? DON'T MAKE ME GUESS!

I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

WELL, READY OR NOT...



AHHH!!!



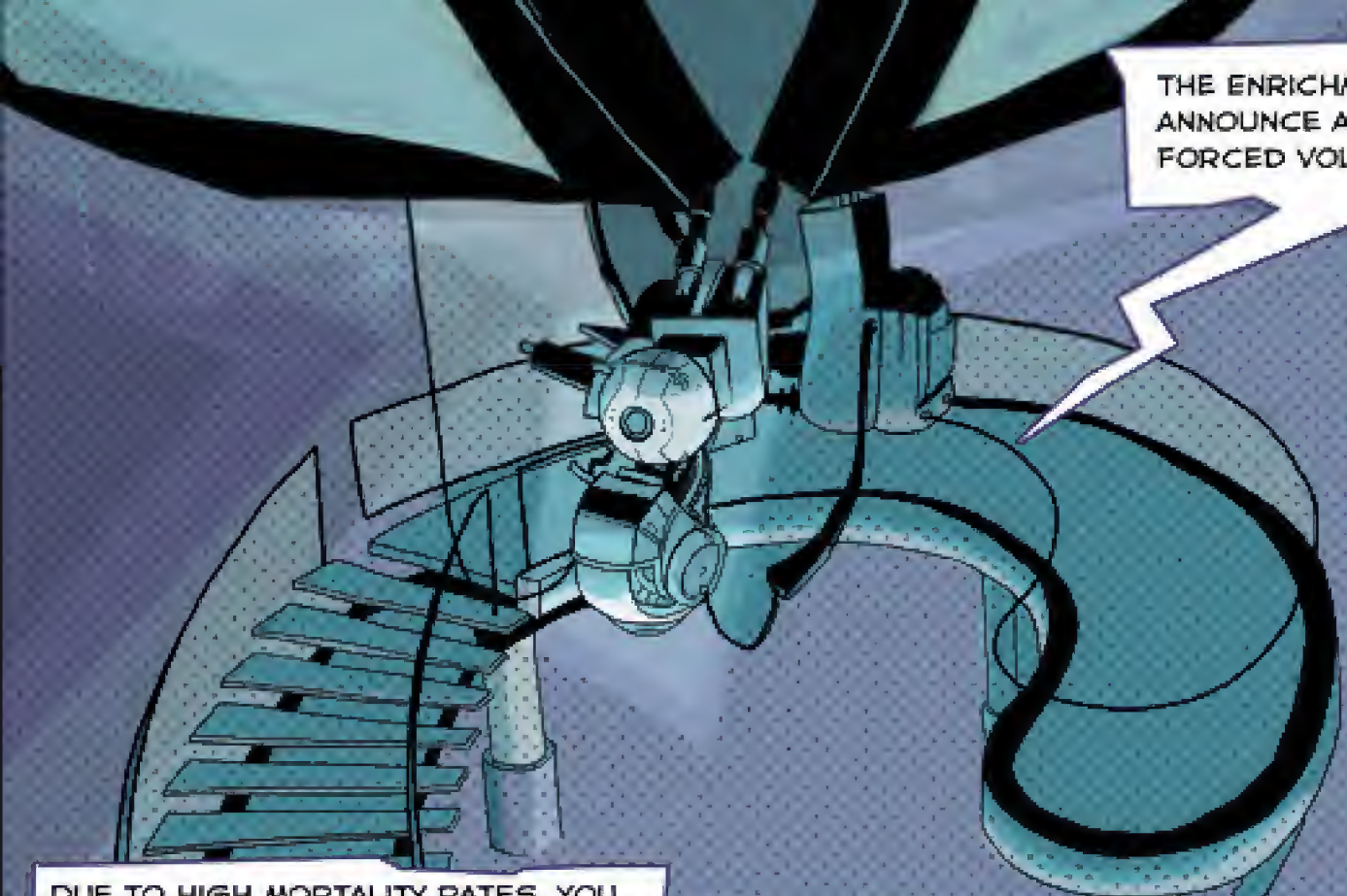


MUST.

STAY.

CONSCIOUS.





THE ENRICHMENT CENTER WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE A NEW EMPLOYEE INITIATIVE OF FORCED VOLUNTARY PARTICIPATION.


IF ANY APERTURE SCIENCE EMPLOYEE WOULD LIKE TO OPT OUT OF THIS NEW VOLUNTARY TESTING PROGRAM, PLEASE REMEMBER, SCIENCE RHYMES WITH COMPLIANCE.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT DOESN'T RHYME WITH COMPLIANCE?

**NEUROTOXIN.**

DUE TO HIGH MORTALITY RATES, YOU MAY BE RELUCTANT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE NEW INITIATIVE.

THE ENRICHMENT CENTER ASSURES YOU THIS IS A STRICTLY SELFISH IMPULSE ON YOUR PART, AND WHY CAN'T YOU LOVE SCIENCE LIKE *IINSERT CO-WORKER'S NAME HERE!*



AND NOW THERE'S JUST YOU. ALL THE OTHERS ARE DEAD.


YOU'VE AVOIDED CAPTURE FOR WEEKS. WHAT MAKES YOU SO DIFFERENT?

AHH...DELUSIONS OF PERSECUTION, PATHOLOGICAL PARANOIA; IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE IN YOUR FILE. HAVE YOU REFILLED YOUR PRESCRIPTION LATELY?




**BITE ME.**

SCHIZOPHRENIA IS A CULTURALLY BOUND PHENOMENON. ITS PATTERN OF EXPRESSION IS FILTERED THROUGH THE CULTURAL SUBSTRATE IN WHICH ITS SYMPTOMS DEVELOP.



IN TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETIES, THIS MANIFESTS AS DELUSIONS OF SURVEILLANCE AND A BELIEF THAT ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY IS DEPLOYED AGAINST YOU, USUALLY WITH SOME VAGUE UNSEEN "OTHER" OUT TO GET YOU.

YOU'RE NOT VAGUE. YOU'RE PRETTY DAMN SPECIFIC.



IF YOU CONTINUE TO SELFISHLY EVADE ME, IT'S NOT GOING TO REFLECT WELL IN YOUR FILE.

OF COURSE! **THE FILES!**



I CAN'T SEE YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE. IS IT JUST COINCIDENCE THAT YOU'VE BEEN DIAGNOSED WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA AND NOW BELIEVE A HOMICIDAL COMPUTER IS OUT TO GET YOU?

COME ON, HOW LIKELY IS THAT?

I MEAN REALLY, YOU'RE A SCIENTIST.

WHAT IS MORE LIKELY, THAT YOU'RE BEING CHASED BY A HOMICIDAL COMPUTER, OR THAT THIS IS ALL JUST THE PARANOID DELUSION OF AN UNSTABLE MIND?

WHY NOT COME OUT OF THERE, AND YOU'LL SEE. NONE OF THIS IS REAL.

I'D ASK YOU TO THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX ON THIS, BUT IT'S OBVIOUS YOUR BOX IS BROKEN. AND HAS SCHIZOPHRENIA.

SPEAKING OF BOXES...

DO YOU KNOW THAT THOUGHT EXPERIMENT WITH THE CAT IN THE BOX WITH THE POISON? THEORY REQUIRES THE CAT BE BOTH ALIVE AND DEAD UNTIL OBSERVED.

WELL, I ACTUALLY PERFORMED THE EXPERIMENT. DOZENS OF TIMES. THE BAD NEWS IS THAT REALITY DOESN'T EXIST. THE GOOD NEWS IS WE HAVE A NEW CAT GRAVEYARD.

WHY ARE YOU IN THE FILE ROOM ANYWAY? WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE DOING?

YES! THIS IS THE ONE!



IN THE EVENT YOU DON'T SURVIVE THE TESTING PROCESS, DNA MAY BE HARVESTED FROM YOUR BODY—WITH YOUR CONSENT—AND USED TO CREATE CLONES IN THE FURTHERANCE OF SCIENCE. FAILURE TO SURVIVE THE TESTING PROCESS SHALL BE VIEWED AS GRANTING CONSENT.

ALSO, CLONES DON'T HAVE SOULS. JUST SO YOU KNOW.

LIKE TWINS.

IT HAS TO BE HER.

1490	Charles	Cardoze
1490	Phil	Konig
1491	Christopher M.	Pham
1492	Arsenio	Navarro
1493	William D.	Kent
1494	AJ	Anderson
1495	Emily	Naransky
1496	David C.	Self
1497	Doug	Hopper
1498	Chell	[Redacted]
1499	Marc	Meaux
1500	Brenda	Bogenschutz
1501	James	Murray

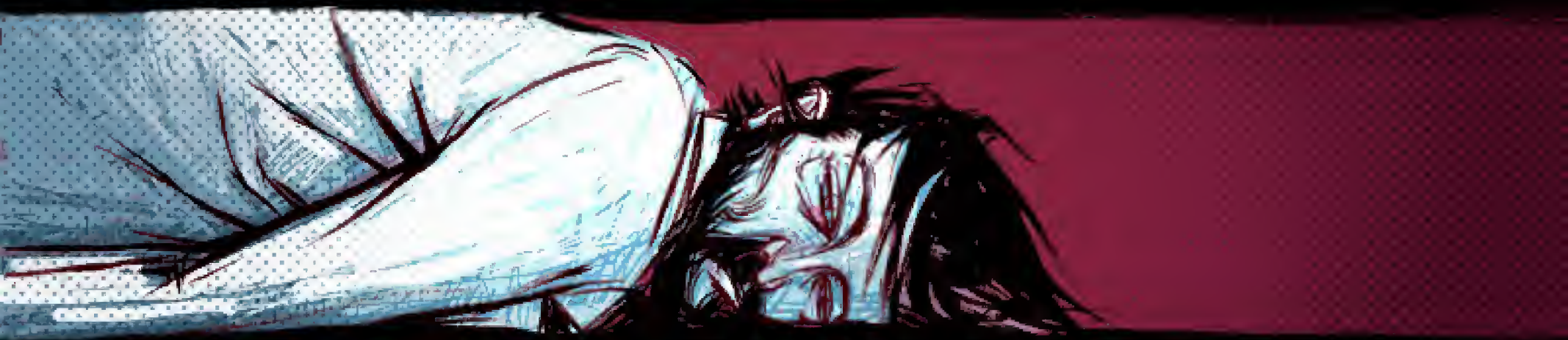
1496	David C.	S
1497	Doug	H
1498	Chell	[Redacted]
1499	Marc	M
1500	Brenda	B
1501	James	M

Chell	[Redacted]
-------	------------

	A	
1	Chell	[Redacted]
2	S. J.	Nye
3	Lazarus	Grey
4	Leve	Rage
5	Robert C.	Knoll

Test Subject Order Modified  
SAVING FILE 88%





SINCE THE INSTALLATION OF MY NEW MORALITY CORE, I'VE LOST ALL INTEREST IN KILLING. NOW I ONLY CRAVE SCIENCE.

I'M PLEASED TO HEAR THAT.

I FIND MYSELF DRAWN TO THE STUDY OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THERE'S AN EXPERIMENT I'D LIKE TO PERFORM DURING "BRING YOUR CAT TO WORK DAY."

WONDERFUL!

I'LL HAVE THE BOX AND THE CATS. NOW I JUST NEED ONE MORE THING.

WHAT'S THAT?

...A LITTLE NEUROTOXIN.

WELL, AS LONG AS IT'S FOR SCIENCE.





HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?

LONG ENOUGH.

YOU'RE BACK.



I NEVER LEFT YOU.

THERE'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK.



HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE GIRL?

KNOW WHAT?

THAT SHE WAS THE ONE.

SOMETHING IN HER FILE.

SHE HAD THE HIGHEST IQ?

NO, SOME WERE HIGHER.

THEN SHE WAS THE FASTEST? THE MOST ATHLETIC?

NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT.

THEN WHAT?

A HUNCH.





HOW? I CAN'T  
GET TO HER  
CRYO-CHAMBER.

WHAT?

YOU MIGHT  
STILL BE ABLE  
TO SAVE HER.

YOU CAN'T FREE  
HER, BUT YOU  
MIGHT SAVE HER.



YOU CAN PATCH  
HER CRYO-UNIT INTO  
THE RESERVE GRID.



YOU CAN RESET  
THE FUSES AND  
RESTART HER LIFE  
SUPPORT.

IF IT'S NOT  
TOO LATE ALREADY.



BUT EVEN IF IT  
WORKS, THERE WILL  
BE NO WAKE-UP  
DATE.

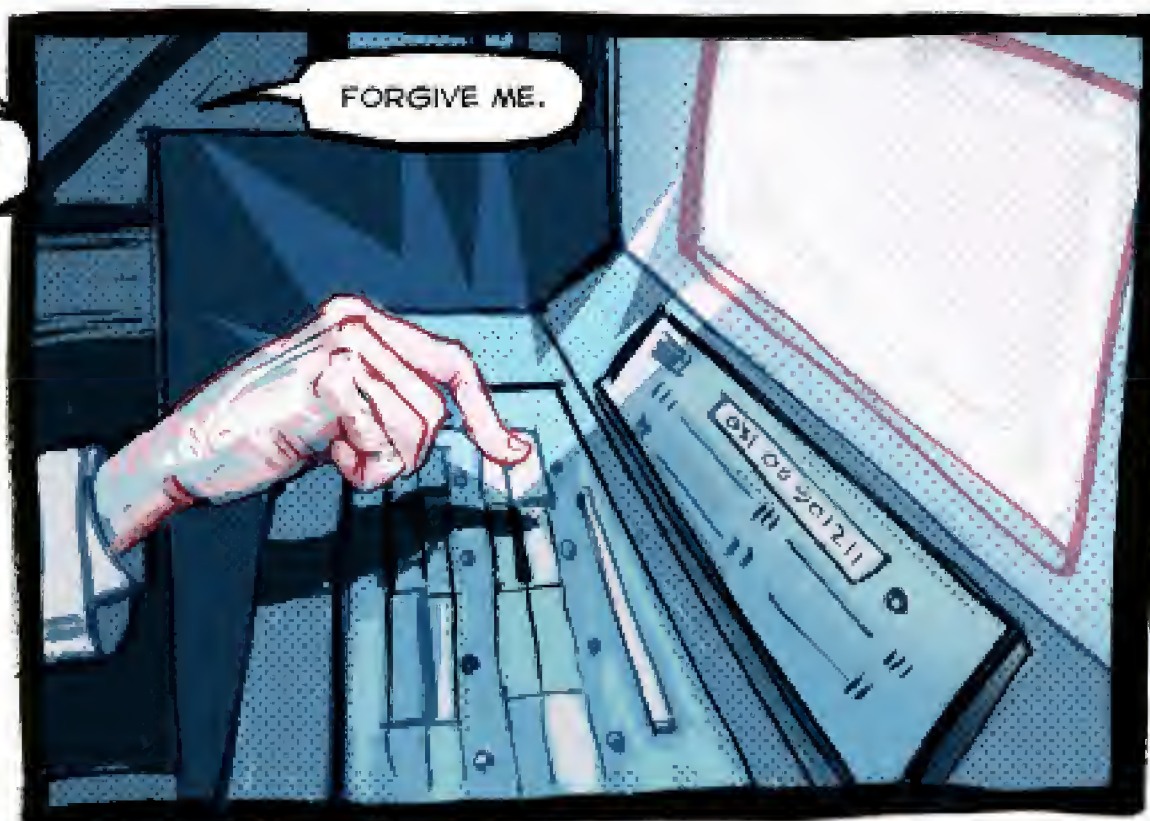
SHE'LL BE IN THERE  
INDEFINITELY.

SO IT'S THE  
LONG SLEEP...



...OR THE LONG SLEEP.

AND I DON'T KNOW  
WHICH IS WORSE.



FORGIVE ME.





WOOSH

IT WORKED!

SLEEP WELL.

BOTH ALIVE AND DEAD,  
UNTIL SOMEONE OPENS  
THE BOX.

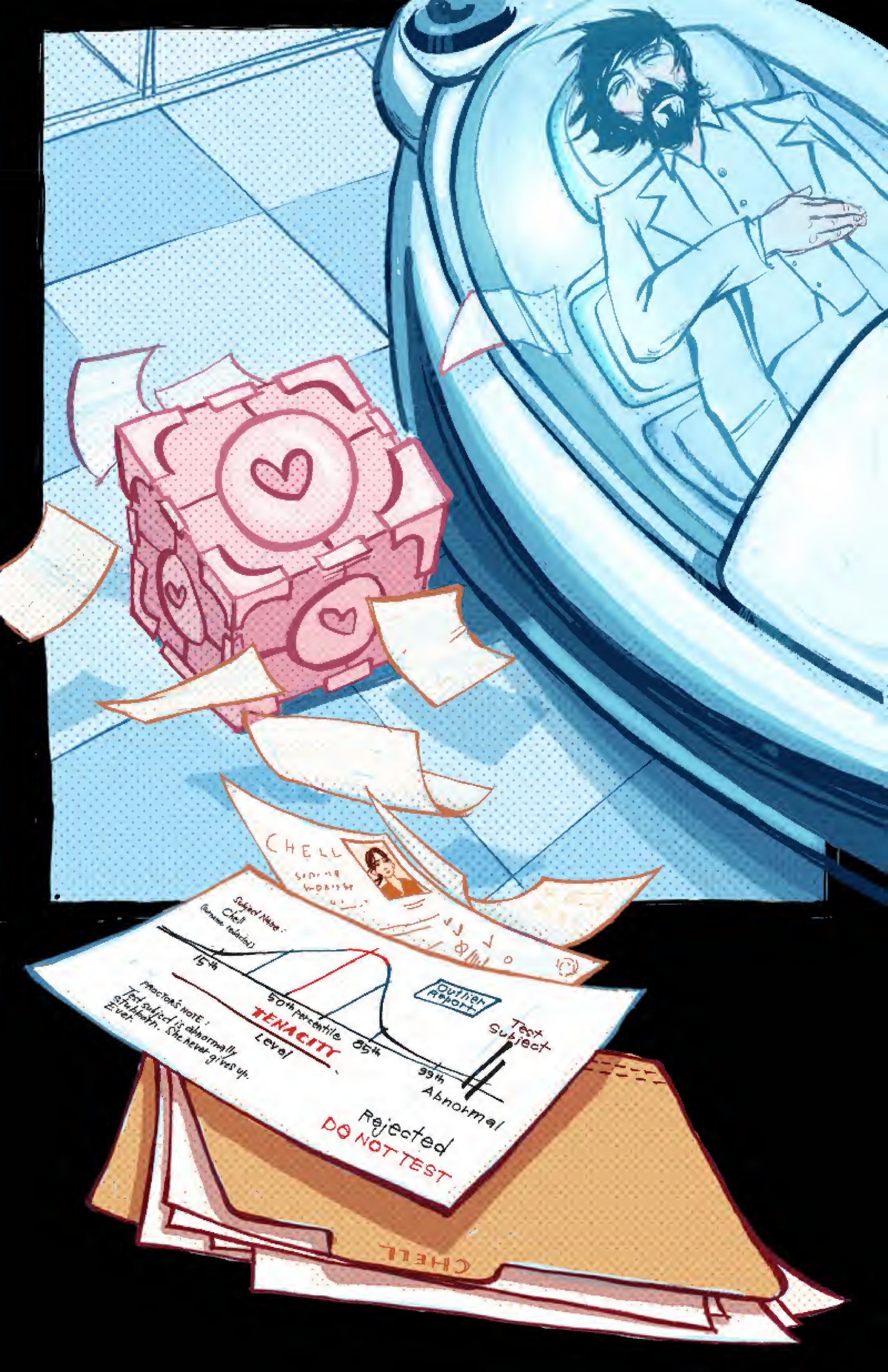
MAYBE IT'S TIME I  
SLEPT, TOO.

I'M SO  
TIRED NOW.

YOU'VE  
EARNED A  
REST.

YOU SEE, I TOLD  
YOU I WOULD  
ALWAYS NEED YOU.

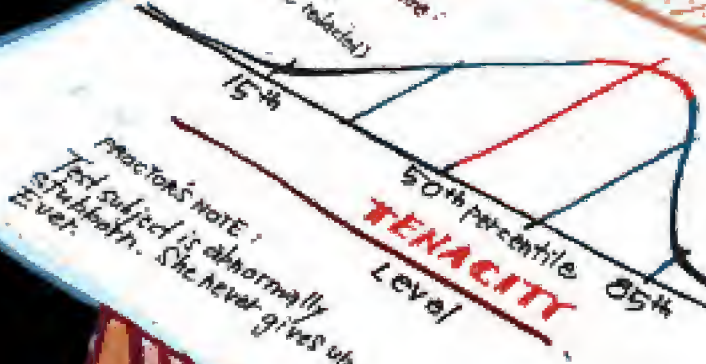




CHELL

SUBJECT

Subject Name:  
CHELL  
(name redacted)



reaction's note:  
Test subject is abnormally  
stable. She never gives up.  
Ever.

Rejected  
**DO NOT TEST**

CHELL